

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1808.

[NO. 42.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

Biblical Criticism.

On a Translation of the New-Testament from the original Greek, by Nathaniel Scarlett, the London Reviewers thus remark;

THIS novel translation of the testament attracted our notice; but did not meet our approbation at first; however, on reconsideration, we are convinced it is an improvement. A reader should consider who is the speaker; to whom, and on what account he is spoken to. Care should also be taken to discern between a quotation introduced into a narrative, and the narrative itself: for instance, 1 Cor. xv. 32, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we are to die." An injudicious reader might take this for the words of the Apostle:—whereas he is only quoting those of a libertine or epicure. Therefore, the names of the different speakers being annexed to their respective speeches, is a great assistant to common readers.

The injudicious division of the Testament, which is retained in the Common Translation, has been long complained of; part of a subject being in one Chapter and part in another.—Also the sub-divisions into verses, which disfigure the work, continually mar the sense, and destroy the emphasis. These are very properly amended in the present work, in which the divisions are judiciously made; and a title also is placed over each division expressive of what Mr. S. conceived to be the leading feature of that section.

Many emendations in this Translation (as the Acts i. 24, 25. xiii. 21, 22. xiii. 48. 1 Cor. vii. 36—39. Heb. ix. 15—18.) consist not so much of whole passages as of single words; yet they are of importance to those who desire to understand the scripture.—A small alteration we notice, which makes a material change in the meaning, Rom. vii. 1.

Common Translation :

The law hath dominion over a man as long as *he* liveth.

Scarlett's Translation :

The law hath dominion over a man as long as *it* liveth.

The argument introduced by the metaphor of the marriage-bond, verse 1—7. confirms the propriety of a translator inserting the supplement *it*, and not *he*.

A great redundancy in the language is here avoided, the phraseology made easy, and yet the sense is equally clear. For instance, at Matt. xii. 11.

Common Translation :

What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day—

Scarlett's Translation :

Which of you having a sheep fallen into a pit on the Sabbath—

With respect to the punctuation, we conceive much pains has been taken throughout the book.

Matth. xxvi. 45—47.

Common Translation.

Sleep on now and take you rest: behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold he is at hand that doth betray me.

Scarlett's Translation:

Do you sleep still, and take your rest? Behold, the hour is near, the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of wicked *men*. Rise, let us be going: lo! the traitor is at hand.

By the Common Translation our lord desires his disciples to *sleep on and take their rest*: yet at the same moment of time desires them to *rise and be going*: whereas he was now returning the third time, and finding them asleep, in a tone of astonishment (which also was a gentle rebuke) saith "Do ye sleep still, and take your rest? Rise, let us be going; lo! the traitor is at hand. And while he was yet speaking, lo! Judas came, and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs."—

Much respect is due to the translators of our common translation:

but as near 200 years hath elapsed, some words in that translation are now become obsolete; and the fund of biblical knowledge being now greatly increased, it is reasonable that Christians should avail themselves of every help to enable them to understand the will of God. In this point of view we consider the present work to be praise-worthy, and hope every exertion in so laudable an undertaking will meet with due encouragement.

A comparison of Cæsar with Cato.

As to their extraction, years and eloquence they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory; but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unsullied integrity; the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; and austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immovable firmness. Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting: what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in braveay with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him. *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

Alonzo Cano :

The Michael Angelo of Spain.

RETURNING home one evening, he discovered his wife murdered, his house robbed, and an Italian journeyman, on whom the suspicion naturally fell escaped and not to be found. The criminal judges held a court of enquiry upon the fact, and having discovered that Alonzo Cano had been jealous of this Italian, and also that he was known to be attached to another woman, they acquitted the fugitive gallant, and with a sagacity truly in character, condemned the husband. No choice was now left to Cano but to fly, and abandon Madrid in the midst of his prosperity. He caused it to be reported that he was gone to Portugal and took refuge in the city of Valencia. Necessity soon compelled him to have recourse to his art, and his art immediately betrayed him. In this exigency he betook himself to the asylum of a Carthusian convent, at Porta Coeli, about three leagues from Valencia. Here he seemed, for a time, determined upon taking the order; but either the austerities of that habit, or the hopes of returning with impunity to a course of life more to his taste than a convent, put him from his design, and he was even rash enough to return to Madrid thinking to conceal himself in the house of his father, Don Rafael Sanguineto. He made several paintings here as well as with the Carthusians, and not being of a temper to maintain any lasting restraint over himself, he neglected to keep house with Don Rafael, and was apprehended in the streets, and directions were given for putting him to the torture. Cano defended himself by the plea of *excellens arte* and he obtained so much mitigation as to have his right arm exempted from the ligature. He suffered the rack and had the resolution under his tortures not to criminate himself by any confession, not uttering a single word. This circumstance being related to Philip, he received him again into favour, and as Cano saw there was no absolute safety but within the pale of the church; he solicited the King with that view, and was named Residentiary of Grenada. The chapter objected to his nomination, and deputed two of their body to represent to Philip against the person of Cano, enumerating many qualifications, and, amongst the rest, want of learning. The King dismissed the deputies, bidding them proceed to admit his nomination; and telling them that, if Cano had been a man of learning, he should perhaps, have made him their Bishop, and not a Residentiary. "Priests like you," said Philip, "I the King can make at pleasure, but God alone can create an Alonzo Cano;" using the same retort to these complainants, as Charles V. did to his courtiers in the case of Titiano.—The church of Grenada profited by his appointment, many sculptures and paintings beings of his donation, and some he had bestowed upon the church of Malaga. A counsellor of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of one hundred pistoles for an image of San Antonio de Padua, who Cano had made for him, he dashed the Saint into pieces on the pavement of his academy, whilst the stupid counsellor was reckoning up how many pistoles per day Cano had earned whilst the work was in hand. "You have been five-and-twenty days carving this image of San Antonio," said the niggardly arithmetician, "and

the purchase-money demanded being one hundred, you have rated your labour at the exorbitant price of four pistoles per day; whilst I, who am a counsellor and your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents." "Wretch," exclaimed the enraged artist, "to talk to me of your talents. I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days," and so saying, he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The affrighted counsellor escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding the man, who was bold enough to demolish a Saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a lawyer.

In the early period of his life, when the great artists of Flanders thought a journey to Spain well repaid by surveying and copying his works, and when he had so strong an idea in his mind of further excellence, that he refused payment for productions he regarded as imperfect, he could have given no greater evidence of the true spirit and native genius of an artist. The same spirit attended him to the last hour, the very eye that the hand of death was in the act of closing, and in which the light of life was all but absolutely extinct, revolted with abhorrence from a disproportioned and ill carved crucifix, though to that object the indisputable duties of his religion were affixed. Strong indeed must be the enthusiasm of that Virtuoso, who when naked and starving, was to refuse the door that was opened to him, because the rules of architecture were not observed in its construction. If we may say of such a man that he loved his art better than his life, we may pronounce of Cano in stronger terms, that it was dearer to him than his soul.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Character of the Hon. Fisher Ames.

[The Honourable FISHER AMES, the ornament of the bar, the delight of his friends, and the boast of his country, died at the early age of fifty years, on the fourth day of July last, the anniversary of American Independence, which he had spent his life to support and perpetuate. The following character from one, who knew him well, will be read as the tribute of justice rather than the fond exaggeration of eulogy.—ED. ANTH.]

To say that Mr. Ames was a great and good man though rarely said with more justice, is not sufficiently discriminative. The greatness of his mind has such distinguishing lines such peculiar features, as form a very distinct, individual picture.

Few men, in this, or any other country, have possessed what may be truly called genius, in a more eminent degree than Mr. Ames. If we regard his understanding so acute and profound does it appear, that it would seem nature had intended him for a logician: if we regarded his imagination, it would seem that nature had intended him for a poet, so ductile, so excursive so brilliant does it appear. He was indeed both, for there was no object so complex, or subtle that he could not comprehend, analyze, and embellish it. His thoughts were ingenious, original and profound; now abounding with points and contrasts, now vigorously condensed. In his use of figurative language, there was sometimes such a brilliancy of colouring, such an excess of light as almost to confuse ordinary perceptions. Hence it sometimes happened that he was regarded as

a man of fine imagination merely, when in truth the imagery, that excited so much admiration was not mere decoration, but pictured the sentiment and thought itself. Such was the versatility of his mind that he could, and often did, when the occasion required it, reason in a close and dry manner; but his arguments were more frequently attended with such vivid illustrations, as to take away the impression of a logical deduction, though they displayed all its truth and certainty.

So copious was his mind, that his thoughts flowed like a perennial spring, always full, pressing for utterance; such the multitude of his ideas that no variety of discussion seemed to diminish them; and so rapid were his associations, that to some he appeared to wander from his subject, while he was only placing it in new lights, or pursuing it in a new manner.

His knowledge of human nature was so thorough that, like Shakespeare, he needed not to consult "it through the spectacles of books." His knowledge of books, however, was very general, and his acquaintance with history, in particular, was minute and extensive; yet his learning rarely ever appeared as such, so incorporated was it with his habits of thinking, so subservient at all times to his purpose, that it seemed to spring spontaneously from his mind to give authority to sentiments. Thus gifted by nature, and thus furnished with knowledge, politics, so complex, so refined, and yet so interesting, almost absorbed those faculties, that, employed in any work of ethicks or general literature, would have given him a preeminent name. The causes and consequences of revolutions, the principles on which free governments can be supported, the nature and kind of those dangers, to which they are exposed from within and without, were often the theme of his discourse, and often employed his pen. The combined and multifarious operations of men in states, or of governments in the more extended circle of coalitions were equally within the reach of his comprehensive and perspicacious mind. Hence many of his political speculations on the passing events of his own and other countries have all the authority of predictions fulfilled, and now fulfilling.

His imagination was that faculty of his mind which excited most surprise. It appeared to be an attending spirit, that accompanied and assisted in the operations of his intellect; sometimes assembling the most pleasing images, from nature and art, and spreading over them all the colours of heaven; at others, rising in the storm wielding the elements, or flashing with the most awful splendours.

It has been often said, that genius is allied to that eccentric and wayward conduct, to those vices and imperfections, which spring from strong passions and quick sensibilities; and many are disposed to claim exemption for it from the observance of the sober duties, the ordinary virtuous and customary forms of life. But who, let me ask, ever more strongly felt the inspirations of genius than Mr. Ames? Yet who was more temperate, moral or stable in his habits? Or who possessed a truer discernment of all the proprieties of polished life, or observed them with more unaffected ease?

Non vixit sibi—was never more truly applied, for he was a patriot in truth and in deed. Patriotism had its seat in his heart, and to use his

own language, was "twisted into its minutest filaments." It was in him a virtue of the highest order; it was almost exalted into piety; it had all the ardour, which inflamed the best men of Greece or Rome, tempered and guided by the solid convictions of a christian.—It forsook him only with his life. It is not for me to speak of his disinterested zeal, the long continued labours of his pen; these I trust will appear in due season, the just pride of his country, and his own best eulogy. The loss of such a man, in any times, and especially in such as the present, cannot easily be calculated. The impulse he gave to public opinion, the light he imparted to it, by his speeches, his writings, and his conversations, extended like circles on the smooth surface of the water far beyond our sight and continued long after the cause had ceased to operate. Who or what can fill the chasm his death has made?

Alas, our hopes seem buried with him in the tomb! In vain our sorrows linger there. The lustre of his eye that once shone the clear mirror of his fervid mind is obscured! That eloquence which once carried dismay and trembling through the ranks of opposition is dumb forever. That vigorous and prevailing mind, that so often displayed our dangers and their remedies, is gone into another state of being; but we thank God, that such monuments of its wisdom remain to direct us in the right course, and that such an example is left us to pursue it. That luminary, which so often threw its beams across the darkness and confusion of the pulchric mind has gradually and serenely sunk from our sight to appear in another hemisphere arrayed in new splendour.

In his conversation and manners there was something so sincere, so frank, so affable, and so cheerful, that his political enemies, and he had no others, were conciliated into a regard for the man; but when he appeared among his friends and acquaintance, they felt an elevation of sentiment, a serene delight, like what would be experienced if a superior intelligence should visit us, on some errand of good will. His wit was brilliant and almost incessant, but it never made one "honest man his foe." Assured of his delicate regard to the feelings of others, we could behold the play of his fancy and wit without uneasiness; for in his most relaxed moments he seemed to have some object of utility in view.—Few, very few "idle words" escaped his lips, and we can with equal truth and consolation say that his "ten talents were well employed."

I cannot dwell on the unobserved offices of his friendly heart, on his private and domestick virtues; there was something in them so pure, so elevated, and so tender, that those, who have never known or felt them, cannot be made to understand them, and those, who have, cherish their memory with something of a sacred regard.

The Stork.

SOME years ago a tame stork was kept in the court-yard of the University of Tübingen in Germany. One day Count Victor Gravenitz, a student there, shot at a stork's nest adjacent to the college, and probably wounded the stork then in it, as he was observed, for some weeks, not to stir out of the nest. This happened in Autumn when foreign storks began their periodical

emigrations. In the ensuing Spring a stork was observed on the roof of the college, and by its incessant chattering, gave the tame stork, walking below in the area, to understand, that it would be glad of its company. But this was a thing impracticable, on account of its wings being clipped; which induced the stranger, with the utmost precaution, first to come down to the upper gallery, the next day something lower, and at last, after a great deal of ceremony, quite into the court. The tame stork, which was conscious of harm, went to meet him with a soft cheerful note, and a sincere intention of giving him a friendly reception; when, to his great surprise, the other fell upon him with the utmost fury. The spectators present, indeed for that time drove away the foreign stork; but this was so far from intimidating him, that he came again the next day to the charge, and during the whole Summer, continual skirmishes were interchanged between them. Mr. G. R. V. F. had given orders that the tame stork should not be assisted, as having only a single antagonist to encounter; And, by being thus obliged to shift for himself, came to stand better on his guard, and made such a gallant defence that at the end of the campaign, the stranger had no great advantage to boast of. But next Spring, instead of a single stork, came four; which, without any of the foregoing ceremonies, alighted at once on the college area, and directly attacked the tame stork, who indeed, in the view of several spectators standing in the galleries, performed feats even above human valour (if I may use that expression) defending himself, by the arms nature had given him, with the utmost bravery, till at length, being overpowered by superior numbers, his strength and courage began to fail when very unexpected auxiliaries came in to his assistance: All the turkeys, ducks, geese, and the rest of the fowls, that were brought up in the court (to whom, undoubtedly, this gentle stork's mild and friendly behaviour had endeared him) without the least dread of the danger, formed a kind of rampart around him, under the shelter of which he might make an honourable retreat from so unequal a recounter: And even a peacock, which before never could live in friendship with him, on this emergency, took the part of oppressed innocence and was, if not a true-bottomed friend, at least a favourable judge on the stork's side. Upon this a stricter watch was kept against such traitorous incursions of the enemy, and a stop put to more bloodshed; till at last, about the beginning of the third Spring above twenty storks suddenly alighted in the court with the greatest fury; and before the poor stork's faithful life-guards could form themselves, or any of the people come in to his assistance, deprived him of life, though, by exerting his usual gallantry, they paid dear for their purchase. The malevolence of these strangers, against this innocent creature, could proceed from no other motive than the shot fired by Count Victor from the college, and which they doubtless suspected was done by the instigation of the tame stork.

City Shower.

There is something consummately sullen in a rainy day, in the city. The streets sound hollow, as now and then a heavy coach drives along;

or as the drenched horse clatters rapidly over the pavements with his drenched rider. The lady visitant trips homeward (for it rains too hard to get a coach) her muslins clinging and fadging to her limbs, so that they creek with their tight setting; and the citizens trudge home to their wives, to pass the afternoon, have tea and whaffles. The poetical part of the confusion of gutters, mingling into quagmires, and the objects of their sweeping fury and destruction, is very aptly described by Swift.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town,
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods but nothing buy;
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
Stays till its fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed,
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go;
Filths of all hues, and odours seem to tell
What streets they came from, by their sight and
smell,

Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in
mud,

Dead cats and turnip-tops, come tumbling down
the flood.

How different is a shower in the country! How pleasant is it then to sit at the window of my country house, and listen to the gentle kisses of rain drops and leaves; to hear the drooping bird chirp faintly from the orchard; and the dripping cattle, gathering close, low at the gate. How soft the air, filled with the freshness of the vallies. But how sweet is its clearing up, at evening! the rainbow glimmering; the broad sun shedding a faint light over the deepened landscape; the birds shaking their little wings, and opening their merry throats; and man and beast peaceful and contented.

DIED

At Greenland, on the 21st inst, in the 30 year of her age, Mrs. SARAH KINGSBURY, consort of Capt. Joseph Kingsbury, of that place.—The subject of this memorial whose character I would fain portray, was possessed of the most amiable qualities. Her heart was the residence of many shining virtues; and in her looks might be seen the index of her heart. Gentleness, humility, kindness, sweetness of disposition, and benevolence, like so many angles, lighted up her countenance—and what her countenance expressed, her actions confirmed. As a wife obedient in all things, and constant in her attachment. As a parent, truly affectionate; as a neighbour, delighting in kind offices; and to the poor, a friend indeed. Great is the loss to all who knew her, but greater still to those who knew her best.—They can feelingly exclaim, "We ne'er shall look upon her like again." But may that being, who carries the lambs in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young; whose name is Love, and who is very pitiful; smile upon her offspring, cheer their hearts, be their friend, guide and protector; and heal, with his divine consolations which are neither few nor small, the deep wound he has inflicted in the heart of the surviving partner.

But already—

I see the cherub Hope, point to the skies,
And Love descending wipe the mourner's eyes;
And Joy, through the rich blood of heaven's high king,
This sweet celestial consolation bring.—
O'er death she triumph'd when the bolt he hurl'd,
And found "another, and a better world."

Selected Poetry.

I COULD NOT HELP IT—NO, NOT I.

A PLAGUE upon the men, I say !
 They'll never leave poor girls alone !
 E'er teasing, teasing night and day,
 Till they have won us for their own.
 And yet that women love the men,
 'Tis surely folly to deny,
 For nine will answer out of ten,
 I CANNOT HELP IT—NO NOT I.

I told young Edward t'other day,
 I never would become a bride :
 But sure he took a certain day,
 To tell me truly, that I lied !
 First with a kiss he stopp'd my breath,
 And softly said—"SWEET CREATURE, WHY ?"
 And though he squeez'd me most to death,
 I COULD NOT HELP IT—NO, NOT I.

Well, what do you think at last I said,
 I can't forget it, I declare ;
 "I tell you plain, I'll never wed ;
 "So tease me now sir if you dare !"
 But oh ! he kiss'd me then so sweet,
 And look'd so charming in my eye !
 I vow'd at church the youth to meet ;
 I COULD NOT HELP IT—NO, NOT I.

Ode to Sensibility.

GIVE me the kindling eye, from whence
 I learn within what tumults swell ;
 Give me the lip's mute eloquence,
 Which more than tongues shall ever tell.

Too coy to breathe the softest vows,
 Too warm to let her wishes die ;
 Tho' modest, yet what love allows
 She gives, the look—perhaps the sigh.
 Then come thou sympathising power,
 Dear Sensibility, descend !
 And still, with youth's delicious hour,
 Thy magic and thy sweetness blend.

Anecdote.

AN Attorney observed a boy of about nine years of age, diverting himself at play, whose eccentric appearance attracted attention—"Come here, my lad," said he ; the boy accordingly came, and after chatting a little, asked the Attorney, "What was to be tried next ?"—"A case between the Pope and the Devil (answered the Attorney) and which do you think will gain the action ?"—"I don't know (said the boy) I guess 'twill be a pretty tight squeeze ; the Pope has the most money, but the Devil has the most Lawyers."

On a clergyman's asserting that the Joy of angels over returning Sinners might originate in the Anticipation of an addition to their Heavenly Choir.

Why smiles yon Cherub o'er a sinner's tear ;
 Because himself he views reflected there.

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 Portsmouth, Nov. 12.

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